

# CEREMONIES

AT THE

11

## Reception of the Orphan Children

OF

**PENNSYLVANIA SOLDIERS,**

WHO

**PERISHED DEFENDING THE GOVERNMENT,**

BY THE

**GOVERNOR AND THE LEGISLATURE,**

**IN THE STATE CAPITOL,**

**MARCH 16, 1866.**

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**HARRISBURG :**

**GEORGE BERGNER PRINTER.**

**1866.**

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# RECEPTION

OF THE

## ORPHANS OF PENNSYLVANIA SOLDIERS, BY THE STATE AUTHORITIES.

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According to previous arrangements, made in the sanction of Governor Andrew G. Curtin, under the direction of Hon. Thomas H. Burrowes, Superintendent of Soldiers' Orphan Schools for Pennsylvania, those belonging to the State schools at M'ALISTERVILLE, MOUNT CARMEL and PARADISE, three hundred and forty-seven in number, accompanied by their instructors, reached Harrisburg in the noon trains on Friday, March 16th, 1866, on a brief visit to the State capital and Legislature. A committee of arrangements, consisting of Messrs. George H. Morgan, Samuel D. Ingram and Richard Nolan, met them at the depot and conducted them to the capitol grounds, each school marching in military order to the accompaniment of its own music. The people of Harrisburg had been asked to entertain these orphans free of charge during their stay in the city, and so nobly had they responded that applications for over five hundred children had been handed in to Col. McFarland, who had made the arrangements for their distribution. Hence the only difficulty experienced in distributing the children for dinner on their arrival in front of the capitol was a lack of children to supply the places voluntarily offered them. Many citizens had to return home without any, regretting that more

of these worthy orphans were not present to partake of the bounteous hospitalities of the good people of Harrisburg.

### ENTERTAINMENT BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE.

At 4 o'clock P. M., according to previous arrangement, the Senate met the House in the Hall of the latter in joint session to receive these orphans; soon after they entered, accompanied by their tutors, and crowded into the space around the Speaker's stand and the front rows of seats, the members giving up their seats for them. Speaker FLEMING occupied a seat to the left and Gov. CURTIN to the right of Speaker KELLEY. The following exercises then took place:

Mr. KERNS said: I desire, Mr. Speaker, to introduce to you, and this House, Mr. Thomas H. Burrowes, superintendent of schools for the education of soldiers' and sailors' orphans, who will explain to you the object of this visit to-day.

### ADDRESS OF MR. BURROWES.

Mr. Burrowes said: Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the Legislature: in presenting to you a portion of those children, of whom the State is now the father, it would be a pleasant, and, under other circumstances,



an interesting subject, were I to give a detailed description of the system under which these orphans are educated and maintained; but the lateness of the hour and the circumstances under which we meet forbid it. I will therefore content myself by saying that there are before you the pupils of three of the soldiers' orphan schools of Pennsylvania, numbering about three hundred and fifty children. These three schools have been selected not because they are the best, or the most advanced, or better calculated to show off this system, but because they happen to be the nearest to Harrisburg, and consequently more easily conveyed here.

You see before you, gentlemen, about one-third of the pupils of this class of schools.—We have now in operation nine schools for the more advanced orphans, containing about nine hundred students; and something over sixteen hundred in the schools of all grades. These schools are scattered over the State from east to west, from Bucks county to Beaver, from Susquehanna to Lancaster. They have been scattered over the State as conveniently as could be effected, so as to accommodate the mothers of these children, and the different counties; and have a capacity of containing, when full, twelve hundred pupils. One of the principal aims that we are striving to attain under this system, is not only—to culture their intellects, and impress upon them sound and proper habits, but to place them under such religious influences as will bring them up useful, honest and christian citizens. I know, in this Republican Government, where every man is left to pursue the dictates of his own conscience in worshipping the Almighty, that it is difficult for public functionaries to impart religious culture. But I have always held it to be my duty to these children to provide for their religious as well as intellectual culture, and that object I attempted to carry out, by ascertaining, if possible, the religious belief of the father and then placing the child under the training of that religious denomination which the father would have preferred, were he in life, to regulate that most valuable portion of his child's education. We are also endeavoring to provide industrial training; thus making them not only good but useful boys and girls. Each of the schools is to accommodate one hundred and fifty students; and to each is attached not less than twenty acres of land, where they can be exercised in those domestic callings and avocations which they would have acquired a knowledge of had their fathers been alive, and were they placed in a well regulated family—the intention being to teach them the art of agriculture and me-

chanical pursuits, so far as it can be done.—The girls will be instructed in needlework, cooking, washing and other useful pursuits so indispensable to their sex.

This is the purpose intended to be accomplished by the nine schools now in operation, of which you see specimens before you. There are other schools containing, at the present time, about seven hundred pupils, making in the aggregate sixteen hundred in the schools of the State. These are generally located in large towns, and are in connection with the churches, and under the guidance of benevolent ladies, who are occupied in that description of charity and kindness. Those children we intend to leave there, contributing towards their support on the part of the State, until they have advanced to the age of eight or nine, and sufficiently brought forward in their intellectual acquirements to be promoted to the larger schools. This is the plan, so far as it has been put upon paper up to the present time, and a portion of which has been carried into practice.

Gentlemen, we have asked the privilege of bringing these girls and boys before you that you may look into their faces, and judge for yourselves whether justice has been done them by those in whose charge they have been placed. I know it has been noised abroad through the country that these children have been starved, kept ragged and dirty, and that the bounty of the State is thrown away upon them. I ask you to look into their eyes, look into their faces and tell me whether such is the case. I present them to you with perfect confidence. I say to you that there is a school here of one hundred and six or one hundred and seven, which has not left one sick at home. Another school of eighty-seven has only one delicate member left at home. And so throughout. I, therefore, ask you to look at these children, and decide for yourselves whether justice has been done them, and whether they will not, if this system be continued, become useful boys and girls, men and women.

When I came here it was with the intention of doing nothing more than presenting to you some three hundred of the soldiers' orphans of Pennsylvania, of whom the State has become the father, and to ask you to listen to their little exercises; but having been placed, against my will and expectation, upon this platform, I could not forbear to add a few unpremeditated remarks.

Gentlemen, I now ask you to allow these children to sing their simple songs, and present a few brief addresses prepared for this occasion. Having done so, we will bid you farewell, leaving the case of the soldiers' orphans in your hands.



Superintendent Burrowes then directed Col. McFarland to take charge of and conduct the exercises.

ADDRESS OF COLONEL M'FARLAND.\*

GENTLEMEN:—It has been made my pleasing duty to introduce and conduct the exercises of the soldiers' orphans belonging to three of the schools established in Pennsylvania by legislative liberality. These schools, given in the order of their establishment, are  
1. The M'Alisterville school, Juniata county, Pennsylvania, of which I have the honor of being Principal, numbering one hundred and forty-six pupils.

2. The Paradise school, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, Prof. Seymour Preston, Principal, one hundred and eleven pupils; and

3. The Mount Joy school, in the same county, Prof. J. R. Caruthers, Principal, eighty-eight pupils.

These interesting children, the offspring of brave sires who fell while doing battle voluntarily for their country, are now being educated and maintained at the expense of the State. Being thus wards of the State, it is quite proper that they should be brought before you, her legislators, and the guardians of her interests and means, for your careful inspection in order that after examining the material and style of their clothing, noting the manner in which they show their keeping, and witnessing an exhibition of their progress, you may be able to judge whether the public money is judiciously expended, and whether the expenditure accomplishes the object sought.

It is not intended or desired, nor would it be practicable if it were, to deceive or mislead you as to the true condition of these orphans. On the contrary, you are asked to examine critically, yet justly, their condition, and then form your own conclusions. Of course, as fair and candid men, you will take into consideration the fact that these schools are in a formative state. Some of the orphans belonging to them entered only during the past week, while the others have been members for various periods from a week to fifteen months. Their condition upon entering was mainly that of neglected children from the lower walks of life, and they brought with them the mental, moral and physical deficiencies and ailments common to their class. Each school has had its struggles with vermin, infectious diseases, and diseases arising from habitual neglect of cleanliness and all other evils of health; while disobedience, quarrel-

someness, profanity, lying, idleness and kindred vices have only been eradicated, if indeed they are yet eradicated, by immense labor and constant watchfulness on the part of the principals and employees of the respective schools.

These difficulties have had to be met, too, without the best means of overcoming them. For the principals of these schools do not hesitate to acknowledge frankly that owing to high prices, uncertainty of continuance and other causes, their accommodations have not been as satisfactory, and their plans as perfect, as they hope to make them during the present year. Nor has the food furnished, though ample in quantity, as the condition of the children before you fully proves, been as full in variety and suitable in character as they expect to secure when they raise their own supplies during the present season.

But notwithstanding the difficulties encountered, you are respectfully asked to listen to the performances of these children this evening, simple though they be, to watch their conduct while at the seat of government, and to examine into their condition, and then to decide for yourselves whether the beginning they have made, the ready obedience they yield, and the fine healthy countenances they exhibit do not indicate reasonable care and success in their management thus far. When we have had time to perfect our plans, to bring our little farms under scientific culture, and to produce with the labor of the children our own vegetables, milk, butter, eggs, &c., we can, we believe, secure still greater progress and comfort to our respective families of bereaved but happy and contented children.

I will only detain you to allude to another fact. It is the more than usually rapid progress these orphan children make in discipline, in physical development and in intellectual advancement. It is the concurrent testimony of all having connection with these schools that more than twice as much can be accomplished in the same time with their pupils, as in any other class of schools, with the same grade of pupils. All acquainted with the facts know that the most incorrigible children soon yield to discipline, the most dilatory become industrious, and the most indifferent intellect brightens up and acquires knowledge rapidly.

These satisfactory results are due to the great excellence and practical common sense character of the plan upon which these schools are established. This plan provides a due proportion of work, healthful exercises, study and moral instruction, and thus secures the thorough and harmonious culture of the physical, mental and moral faculties.

\*Not delivered till Saturday morning, but inserted here because properly introductory to exercises that followed.



of the child. And while it permits the nicest adjustment of labor, study and moral training to the strength and requirements of the child's capacities, it also preserves and strengthens the affections by keeping up the family relation. All sit down to the same table, and gather around the same family altar. The boys and girls become like sisters and brothers, and learn to regard the male and female teachers and attendants as fathers and mothers. Thus to the advantages of a well regulated Christian family are added those of a well governed and efficient school, the inmates of which are entirely free from the distracting and sometimes contaminating influences of promiscuous intercourse with those outside of the institution.

I am very much mistaken, gentlemen, if your wise and just treatment of the soldiers' orphan has not led you, whether designedly or otherwise matters not, to establish a class of schools that meet exactly the wants of the human family, and that will live long after the orphans now in them shall have reached the age of maturity and taken your places in the management of the State and nation and in the business affairs of life.

And should this eminently wise, liberal and efficient plan of education—purely Pennsylvanian in its origin, and destined to become an enduring monument to the memory of her large hearted Executive and her generous legislators—should this plan be continued here, and adopted in the other States of the Union, thus securing, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the training to habits of virtue, intelligence and industry of the tens of thousands of soldiers' orphans of our land, it requires no prophet to predict ages of unexampled prosperity to our Union.

For will not a Union, purchased and preserved by the blood of the father, be dear to the son and daughter snatched from poverty and ignorance and raised to independence and usefulness by wise and humane legislation?

Legislators! be just and liberal towards the bronzed veterans who saved the nation's life, and towards the children of those who fell in her defence, and you can safely trust her protection against either foreign foes or domestic traitors to them, independent of standing armies or special guaranties.

Please listen to this first effort of the children of the State to entertain a public audience.

#### RALLY AROUND THE FLAG

was called for, and sung by the three schools present with much force and acceptance.

The McALISTERVILLE SCHOOL commenced the exercises with the following

#### OPENING ADDRESS.

*Written by Rev. M. L. Shindel. Spoken by Henry Albert, son of George Albert, private of the Forty-eighth regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.*

GENTLEMEN:—We appear before you with much backwardness, yet with some degree of pleasure. Indeed our hearts were made glad when we were told that we would be permitted to visit the capital of our State and perhaps get to see his Excellency, Gov. Curtin, the orphan's *friend*, the man whom we all *love*, and also those good men who took such an interest in our welfare and provided means for our education and support.

With all our diffidence, we come with grateful hearts, and in the name of all the boys and girls I desire to thank you for what you have done. You have taken us from various parts of the State, many of us from poverty and want, and have so arranged it through your superintendent, Dr. Burrowes, that we have kind teachers to instruct us, and from you we received our food and the clothes we wear. You have afforded us an opportunity of becoming good men and women, and good citizens of a *great* State. Though we are yet young, be assured we are not ignorant of this great boon, and will ever feel it our duty to act in *such* a manner as to fulfill the design intended.

It is our desire to be useful and good, an honor to the State whose children we are, and at all times so to live as to give you no cause to *regret* what you have done and are still doing for us.

It is to *you*, then, by the direction of Providence, that we are indebted for our present pleasing condition, and *through* you can we look into the *future* with bright and cheering hopes. My duty is performed when I, in the name of all the orphans, return our sincere thanks to Governor Curtin, and to you, gentlemen, and through you to the good people whom you represent. (Applause.)

The girls of the MOUNT JOY SCHOOL sang with much success

#### "THE DEAR OLD FLAG."

See the dear old flag, the dear old flag,  
The dear old flag, the dear old flag,  
See the flag, the dear old flag  
On the breezes waving;  
See it float from East to West;  
From East to West, from East to West,  
See it float from East to West,  
Treason's tempest braving.

#### Chorus—

Wave the starry banner high;  
Strike our colors never;  
Here we stand to live or die,  
The stripes and stars forever.



Yes, here we stand, to live or die,  
 To live or die, to live or die,  
 Here we stand, to live or die,  
 The stripes and stars forever.

Wear this flag upon your heart,  
 Upon your heart, upon your heart,  
 Wear the flag upon your heart,  
 Freedom's sons and daughters,  
 From the wild Atlantic shore,  
 Atlantic shore, Atlantic shore,  
 From the wild Atlantic shore,  
 To Pacific's waters.

Chorus—

Wave the starry banner high;  
 Strike our colors never;  
 Here we stand, to live or die,  
 The stripes and stars forever.  
 Yes, here we stand, to live or die,  
 To live or die, to live or die,  
 Here we stand, to live or die,  
 The stripes and stars forever.

Blessings on the stripes and stars,  
 The stripes and stars, the stripes and stars,  
 Blessings on the stripes and stars,  
 On our country's banner;  
 Blessings on the ship of State,  
 And the hearts that man her.

Chorus—

Wave the starry banner high;  
 Strike our colors never;  
 Here we stand, to live or die,  
 The stripes and stars forever.  
 Yes, here we stand, to live or die,  
 To live or die, to live or die,  
 Here we stand, to live or die,  
 The stripes and stars forever.

Lift the flag and join the song,  
 And join the song, and join the song,  
 Lift the flag and join the song,  
 One united nation;  
 Union now and evermore.  
 Hear it all creation.

Chorus—

Wave the starry banner high;  
 Strike our colors never;  
 Here we stand, to live or die,  
 The stripes and stars forever.  
 Yes, here we stand, to live or die,  
 To live or die, to live or die,  
 Here we stand, to live or die,  
 The stripes and stars forever.

*Salutatory oration by Master David Leche,  
 of Gordonsville, Pa., and pupil of the  
 Paradise Soldiers' Orphan School.*

Master Leche spoke as follows:

YOUR EXCELLENCY, THE GOVERNOR OF  
 PENNSYLVANIA, AND MEMBERS OF THE LEGIS-  
 LATURE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Time in

its onward course has brought to us return-  
 ing spring. Soon the mountains and hills,  
 whose summits and tops lately wore the cold,  
 grey frown of winter, will be clothed in the  
 gorgeous robes of a smiling spring. The  
 little brooks and rivulets are no longer held  
 prisoners by winter's icy chains; but with  
 their sparkling waters are hurrying on to  
 swell the bosom of the mighty deep. In this  
 as in other instances we have always changes.

To-day is not as it was yesterday, nor as it  
 will be to-morrow. Each dawn brings with  
 it something new. We look around and be-  
 hold, all! all is action, all is motion—nature  
 is enlivening in all her varied forms. And  
 may we not learn from creation all around  
 us, yea, lessons of wisdom? Learn to be ac-  
 tive, learn to press onward and upward. Or,  
 shall we remain idle? Shall we reject the  
 teachings of nature? Shall we live like the  
 forgotten heathen, or the neglected savage,  
 who tread the desert waste, or roam through  
 forest and over prairie, content if he has  
 but food to eat and where to lay his head.

Of us a just God demands more. We  
 must live for some nobler purpose, for  
 some higher end. *Live* that when for the  
 last time, to us, the sun shall sink behind the  
 Western horizon the world may say of the  
 departed they lived for something, and dying  
 have left a memory that will not soon be for-  
 gotten. History teaches that all true human  
 greatness depends upon personal effort.

Observation, the best of all teachers, cor-  
 roborates this statement.

My schoolmates and friends, have we not  
 need to be encouraged, have we not indeed  
 reason to be rejoiced that we live in a land  
 where poverty is not an obstacle in the way  
 to honor and renown, in a land where wealth  
 and greatness are not hereditary, but that  
 we live in a land where the insignia of rank,  
 the laurel wreath are won only by heroic  
 daring, by manly toil.

True, we may find some so base, so mean,  
 so ignoble, as to mock, or to laugh, or to  
 point at us the finger of scorn—merely be-  
 cause they are rich. To such—the proud and  
 haughty—I would say be not puffed up on  
 account of your boasted—your glittering dust  
 —for ere the first rays of another sun gild the  
 morning clouds, they may vanish, leaving  
 you poor and disconsolate, without energy,  
 without friends, a penniless wanderer on the  
 face of the earth.

We are free. Nothing on earth can debar  
 us from the richest gift in our country's hand.  
 The proffered prize is within your reach.—  
 Will you make the required effort? Choose  
 the golden opportunity by improving in the  
 present or the prize is lost forever.

Friends, we appreciate the greeting we re-



ceived from you, the citizens of Harrisburg. We have learned that a cheerful countenance, an approving smile, a tender word, do much to smooth the rugged pathway of life. The world is cold; we all need aid.

In behalf of my schoolmates and the members of the other schools, I can say we are grateful for the privileges bestowed upon us by our noble State. Well does she deserve the name of Keystone. The "act" that established schools for those whose fathers offered their lives as a sacrifice at the shrine of *liberty* marks a bright page in her history.—For such munificence she will receive a rich reward.

The exercises through which we now pass are to better fit and prepare us for the sterner realities of life. A few more months, or years at most, and we can no longer withdraw behind the folded curtain of the stage. The busy world beckons us to come; the onward tide of affairs calls us in unmistakable language to prepare for other positions.—The law that now confines us to seminary walls and enclosures will soon cease to bear; and we will take a step, as it were, into a new arena of life. Those acting now in the busy throng of the world will soon move to the certain goal of all—the tomb. High and responsible duties devolve upon the rising generation. When time bids us leave these honored schools—these second homes of ours—may kind Heaven forbid that any should fail to follow the instruction they received while within their hallowed walls; then shall we be better prepared to meet the world with its opposing elements.

Ladies and gentlemen, we meet as strangers. Your countenances welcome us as friends. Trust us. We appreciate it all.

The song entitled "Uncle Sam is rich enough to send us all to School," was sung by the PARADISE SCHOOL. It was received with much applause.

"SONG."

Of all the institutions in the East,  
Or in the West,  
The glorious institution of the  
School room is the best;  
There is room for every scholar,  
And our banner is unfurled,  
With a general invitation to the  
People of the world.

Chorus—

Then come along, come along, make  
no delay,  
Come from every dwelling, come  
from every way;

Bring your slates and books along,  
don't be a fool,  
For Uncle Sam is rich enough  
to send us all to school.

We will read and spell and cipher,  
Write and think when thoughts are free,  
And in study, with attention,  
Carve a noble destiny.  
Our motto is "Excelsior,"  
And with our motives true,  
We will leave the world the wiser,  
When we pass our lifetime through.

Chorus—

Then come along, come along, make  
no delay,  
Come from every dwelling, come  
from every way;  
Bring your slates and books along,  
don't be a fool,  
For Uncle Sam is rich enough  
to send us all to school.

Our fathers gave us liberty,  
But little did they dream,  
Of the grand result to follow,  
In this mighty age of steam.  
With the march of education,  
All the world is set on fire,  
And we knit our thoughts together,  
With a telegraphic wire.

Chorus—

Then come along, come along, make  
no delay,  
Come from every dwelling, come  
from every way;  
Bring your slates and books along,  
don't be a fool,  
For Uncle Sam is rich enough  
to send us all to school.

While Europe's in commotion,  
Her monarchs in a fret,  
We are teaching them a lesson  
Which they never can forget;  
And this they fast are learning—  
Uncle Sam is not a fool;  
For the people to do the voting,  
And the children go to school.

Chorus—

Then come along, come along, make  
no delay,  
Come from every dwelling, come  
from every way;  
Bring your slates and books along,  
don't be a fool,  
For Uncle Sam is rich enough  
to send us all to school.

The wise in every nation  
Are joining heart and hand,  
To spread a love of knowledge,  
And of freedom o'er the land;



Uncle Sam is anxious  
that his children all should be  
the wisest and the bravest,  
the most worthy to be free.

rus—

Then come along, come along make  
no delay,  
Come from every dwelling, come  
from every way;  
Bring your slates and books along,  
don't be a fool,  
For Uncle Sam is rich enough to  
send us all to school.

Stanley Booz, of Bristol, Bucks county,  
Pennsylvania, son of Robert Booz, of the  
1st Pennsylvania Reserves, now a pupil of  
MOUNT JOY SCHOOL, delivered the fol-  
lowing

#### OPENING ADDRESS.

Honorable Senators and Representatives:  
I feel very much embarrassed in attempt-  
ing to speak before so honorable a body of  
men, and we have to beg your kind indul-  
gence and ask you to overlook our errors, and  
imperfections.

We did not come up here to parade our  
abilities, nor to display our learning.

But we came at the order of our noble su-  
perintendent, and with your kind permission  
let you see how we are dressed, how we  
behave and conduct ourselves, and what kind of  
boys and girls we are.

We are but destitute orphans whose educa-  
tion had been sadly neglected.

Many of us had not been in school for  
years before we were sent to the soldiers'  
orphans' school through your kindness and  
generosity.

Our fathers had the misfortune to be poor  
men, and could not afford even to buy books  
and clothing suitable for us to attend school  
regularly. But they were patriotic men and  
sacrificed their lives in defence of their  
country and its sacred liberties.

This makes us feel that we have a claim  
on our noble State, and to look to it for  
support, protection, and above all for a good  
education.

Having this, we expect to be able to earn  
our own livelihood, and also to become use-  
ful citizens, and honorable members of so-  
ciety.

We have been taught to look upon, and  
call all the State our father. We feel that in it  
we have a kind father—one that has provi-  
ded us with good homes, kind teachers and  
every facility for acquiring a thorough edu-  
cation.

We are receiving not only an intellectual

and a physical, but also a moral and religious  
education. We get moral and religious in-  
structions daily from our teachers, and also  
frequently from the ministers of the gospel  
of our place.

We are learning how to farm, to garden  
and to attend to stock, and to do any kind of  
work that is done on a farm.

We like to work as well as to study.

Our Creator has given us minds to cultivate  
and improve; and we feel it to be our solemn  
duty to become good scholars, so as to be fit-  
ted for any position in life.

We return our most hearty thanks to you  
for the fostering care bestowed on us thus far,  
and respectfully ask that may be continued.

We feel ourselves under very great obliga-  
tions to improve our advantages better than  
we have hitherto done. We feel very grate-  
ful to our excellent Governor, our worthy  
Legislature and to our kind superintendent  
for the delightful privilege of visiting the capi-  
tal of the State, and of seeing so many inter-  
esting sights new to most of us, and of occu-  
pying seats in this Hall where, through your  
kind beneficence, we may be qualified to sit as  
you now do.

We sincerely thank you for this opportunity  
of seeing you here, and shall remember this  
occasion with pleasure throughout our lives.

"THE LITTLE OCTOROON."

*Sung by the M Alisterville School.*

Near the old plantation, at the close of day,  
Stood the weary mother and her child,  
List'ning to the sounds along the valley's way,  
While their hearts with hope were throbbing  
wild.

Chorus—

Glory! Glory! How the Freedman  
sang!

Glory! Glory! How the old woods  
rang!

'Twas the loyal army sweeping to  
the sea,

Flinging out the banner of the free!

Fly, my precious darling, to the Union camp;  
I will keep the hounds and hunters here;  
Go right through the forest, though 'tis dark  
and damp,

God will keep you, dear one, never fear.

Chorus—

Glory! Glory! How the Freedman  
sang!

Glory! Glory! How the old woods  
rang!

'Twas the loyal army sweeping to  
the sea,

Flinging out the banner of the free!



When the blazing camp fires gleam'd amid  
the wood,  
And the boys were halting for the night;  
In her wondrous beauty Little Rosa stood,  
Trembling and alone, before their sight.

Chorus—

Glory! Glory! How the Freedman  
sang!  
Glory! Glory! How the old woods  
rang!  
'Twas the loyal army sweeping to  
the sea,  
Flinging out the banner of the free!

Then the brave old gunner took her in his  
arms,  
Thinking of his own dear ones at home;  
And through all the marches, and the rude  
alarms,  
Safely brought the little Octoroon.

Chorus—

Glory! Glory! How the Freedman  
sang!  
Glory! Glory! How the old woods  
rang!  
'Twas the loyal army sweeping to  
the sea,  
Flinging out the banner of the free!

The following elegant poem, written for the  
occasion, was spoken with feeling and pathos,  
particularly the last stanza. It brought tears  
to every eye.

"THE SOLDIERS' ORPHANS' APPEAL."

*Spoken by Master George L. Jacobs, a pupil  
of the McAlisterville School, son of Allen  
Jacobs, Quartermaster of the Eleventh  
Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.*

*Written by Mrs. Nellie Eyster, Harris-  
burg, Pennsylvania.*

The lamp was lit, the fire blazed, the long  
days work was done,  
And 'round the table's ample space we gath-  
ered every one,  
My father, mother, little sister, brother  
Charles and I,  
And just like birds in summer time, the  
winged hours flew by.  
We talked and laughed, we read and sang,  
and lightly I began  
To tell of all the things I'd have, when once  
I was a man;  
Then father said, "It is not wrong for wealth  
or fame to thirst,  
But ere *they* come, my boy must have an  
education first."

Soon after that the drums were heard resound-  
ing through the street,  
And almost ere their echoes ceased, brave  
men had rushed to meet  
The angry foe, with hearts resolved to do, to  
dare, to *die*,  
If needs be, to preserve unharmed our price-  
less liberty.  
'Twas mother's hands that buckled on the  
knapsack farther wore,  
And mother's tear-stained cheek which told  
the agony she bore,  
As thus he closed the burden of our last  
united prayer,  
"My service to my country, my children to  
her care."

The light of home was darkened when my  
father went away;  
I rarely heard my mother laugh, nor cared *we*  
now for play,  
Since he who was our main spring of study,  
work and mirth,  
Had left us but his vacant chair beside our  
lonely hearth.  
Then came the fearful, crushing news, a bat-  
tle had been fought;  
And men exclaimed, "At what a price that  
victory was wrought!"  
But none knew, save the widowed and father-  
less that day,  
The debt posterity incurred, whose fullness  
*none* can pay.

"Our service is our country's; our children  
are its care;  
This was the bond that robbed the field of  
half its knawing care.  
The lips which gave the manly pledge have  
mouldered into dust!  
Shall not the land they died to save fulfill the  
sacred trust?  
Oh, Legislators! Rulers! Men! around on  
every side  
Stand little ones whose future no tender hand  
will guide,  
Who, powerless to help themselves, as orphan  
children come,  
And in our martyred fathers' names, entreat  
of you a home.

Your public trusts, your lofty work may some  
day hence be ours;  
That we may fill those stations well, oh, edu-  
cate our powers!  
And think not Pennsylvania taxed, if of her  
wealth is given  
That which will elevate her sons, and lead  
them on to Heaven.  
We love her institutions, her every inch of  
soil,  
And to their preservation, we'll consecrate  
our toil;



Then risk not that our future is blindly left  
to chance,  
But strive to make us worthy of our grand  
inheritance.

To you, most honored ruler of this mighty  
Keystone State:  
You, whom we love for being good, far more  
than being great;  
You, from whose hands our sires took the  
standards which they bore;  
Whose voice they heard in every fight, "our  
country's rights restore;"  
Who cheered them on to victory, who wept  
for them when slain;  
Whose promise to protect us our surety will  
remain;  
The greatest good, the sweetest peace, *He*  
seeth fit to send,  
The Soldiers' Orphans' pray their God to  
grant "the Soldiers' Friend."

The girls of the MOUNT JOY SCHOOL sang

"TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND."

We're tenting to-night on the old camp  
ground;

Give us a song to cheer  
Our weary hearts, a song of home,  
And friends we love so dear.

Chorus—

Many are the hearts that are weary  
to-night,  
Wishing for the war to cease;  
Many are the hearts looking for the  
right  
To see the dawn of peace.  
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,  
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp  
ground,

Thinking of the days gone by,  
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the  
hand,  
And the tear that said "Good bye!"

Chorus—

Many are the hearts that are weary  
to-night,  
Wishing for the war to cease;  
Many are the hearts looking for the  
right  
To see the dawn of peace.  
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,  
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We are tired of war on the old camp ground;  
Many are dead and gone,  
Of the brave and the true who've left their  
homes,  
Others been wounded long.

Chorus—

Many are the hearts that are weary  
to-night,  
Wishing for the war to cease;  
Many are the hearts looking for the  
right  
To see the dawn of peace.  
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,  
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp  
ground,

Many are lying near;  
Some are dead, and some are dying,  
Many are in tears.

Chorus—

Many are the hearts that are weary  
to-night,  
Wishing for the war to cease;  
Many are the hearts looking for the  
right  
To see the dawn of peace.  
Dying to-night, dying to-night,  
Dying on the old camp ground.

The following dialogue was spoken by Alice  
Drinkwater and Edward Drinkwater, both  
of Allentown, Pennsylvania, and pupils of  
the Paradise Soldiers' Orphans' School.  
Though simple and plain in style, yet the man-  
ner in which it was spoken elicited the ap-  
probation of the audience.

"LIFE INSURANCE."

*Alice.* Are you the man of this office, sir?

*Edward.* I am a man only and not *the*  
man.

*A.* Sir, am sorry to interrupt you, but a  
gentleman told me you are the man that I want.

*E.* I shall be happy to listen to your pro-  
posals.

*A.* If you are the man for me, I wish to  
say a few words to you.

*E.* We do not transact matrimony here,  
ma'am, and it is not leap year, but I will hear  
you, if you will be brief and to the point.

*A.* I am a single woman, sir, with a little  
property and without a relation in the wide  
world, and I have been reading a circular—  
here it is—(*handing him a card issued from  
an insurance company*) which was issued  
from this office, and I have come to have my  
life insured.

*E.* O, is that all? Then I *am* the man to  
attend to you. How old are you, madam?

*A.* Sir?

*E.* Your age, if you please, miss?

*A.* Sir, is this the way you treat an unpro-  
tected female? No gentleman would ask a  
lady her age.

*E.* A mere matter of business, madam; it



is necessary that we should know your age, or we cannot determine the rate.

But, apart from your age, what amount do you wish insured?

A. Amount! I wish my life insured, though it seems very much like tempting the Lord, in whose hands our breath is.

E. That is your look out, madam. We can do nothing unless we know the amount you wish to insure.

A. Amount, amount! What has the amount to do with it? I wish to have my life insured, for our doctor tells me the cholera is expected again, and I wish to feel safe.

E. To whom do you wish to make policy payable?

A. Policy, policy! They tell me it is good policy to have one's life insured, when one is feeble and unprotected, and without a relation in the wide world.

E. Yes, madam, but the debt arising from your demise must be paid to some one.

A. I don't see that there is any debt about it. Death is the debt of *nature*, to be sure, for "it is given to all men once to die," and I don't see how you insurers get over that *scripture*!

E. Madam, if the office, by your demise, becomes indebted to the amount of the policy, to whom shall the amount be paid?

A. To me, to be sure, if anything is coming from the insurance.

E. You will not be here, probably, to receive anything after your death.

A. What do you mean? I wish to have my life insured, and then, if your insurance is good for anything, there will be no death about it.

E. You are in an error, madam; we do not insure against death.

A. Then what do you call it life insurance for? Pretty life insurance, if a person can die after it is made. I suspected it was all humbug, when I first *heard* of it.

E. Let me explain, madam.

A. Well, sir. You may make white black, and black white, but if you insure my life and I die, you cheat me, and I'll prosecute you as long as there is any law in the land.

E. If you wish to be insured against death, you must go over to the apothecary's opposite; he will sell you a bottle of the Elixir Vitæ, and then, if nothing happens, you will live forever.

A. That is what I want. Where is the apothecary's?

E. Just across the street, madam. He is the man you want.

A. Good morning, sir. You had better take your sign down. Life insurance with a vengeance!

E. Good morning, madam. When you obtain immortality, please remember that I put you in the way to obtain it.

The Drum Corps of the McALISTERVILLE School played "Yankee Doodle," and were loudly cheered.

ORIGINAL ORATION—"OUR FATHERS."

Delivered by Dalsell M. Severns, son of Allen Severns, of the 3d Pennsylvania Reserves, of Bristol, Bucks county, Pennsylvania.

SENATORS, AND MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES:—In appearing as a speaker before so honorable and intelligent a body as yours, I must confess that I feel a timidity creeping over me that is hard to resist. But having been selected for that purpose I will not *shrink* from the task—arduous as it is—believing, as our *fathers* did, that "when duty calls we must obey."

Our *fathers* did, I say? Ah! where are they? Ask these, my bereaved schoolmates. Go from one to the other and ask "where is your father?" and they will tell you. One will answer *mine* died in camp; another, *mine* was killed at the battle of Fair Oaks; another *mine* was a color bearer, and was shot through the heart while boldly pressing forward with his country's flag at the "battle of the Wilderness;" in death, he grasped the starry banner as if to die beneath *its* folds were "far more sweet;" another will answer, *mine* fell at the battle of Petersburg; another, *mine* was starved to death in Andersonville prison; and others will answer, *mine* fell at the battle of Gettysburg. Are these sad tales, and do they touch a tender chord in your father's bosoms and enlist your sympathies?

Then you may have some feint conception of our condition.

As orphans, made so by the same common cause, we appear before you. As you view us, so fitly brought together as members of one family, we would respectfully ask you to recall the times when the cry was, "We want *men*—we must have *men*, or the rebels will overpower us." And as you review those stirring times, behold our dear fathers—*dear* to us as you, gentlemen, are to your children—go forth to the conflict; bidding the last sad farewell to their weeping wives and little ones, to battle for Liberty and the Union of States—sacrificing the comforts and affections of home and families, and giving their lives for the salvation of their country. They are gone! And we *only*, perhaps, *dearly* feel the loss.

But Pennsylvania has been very generous towards the children of her fallen heroes, by kindly making provision for our education. For this we bless *her*, and thank you, I



legislators, for the interest you have taken in our welfare; and promise you, that if you continue these favors, we shall make every effort to properly use them by becoming useful members of society; and, though we are averse to war, yet, if needed, we, the soldiers' orphan boys, are willing and ready, like our fathers, to rally 'round the flag, and like them—TO DIE FOR OUR COUNTRY.

The McALLISTERVILLE SCHOOL sang

"ON, ON, ON, SEQUEL TO TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP."

Oh! the day it came at last, when the glorious tramp was heard,  
And the boys came marching, fifty thousand strong;  
And we grasped each other's hands, though we uttered not a word,  
As the booming of our cannon rolled along.

Chorus—

On, on, on, the boys came marching,  
Like a grand, majestic sea;  
And they dashed away the guards  
From the heavy iron door,  
And we stood beneath the starry banner free.

O! the feeblest heart grew strong and the most despondent sure  
When we heard the thrilling sounds we loved so well;  
For we knew that want and woe we no longer should endure  
When the hosts of freedom reached our prison cell.

Chorus—

On, on, on, the boys came marching,  
Like a great, majestic sea;  
And they dashed away the guards  
From the heavy iron door,  
And we stood beneath the starry banner free.

O! the war is over now and we're safe at home again,  
And the cause we starved and suffered for is won;  
But we never can forget, 'mid our woe and 'mid our pain,  
As the glorious Union boys came marching on.

Chorus—

On, on, on, the boys came marching,  
Like a grand, majestic sea;  
And they dashed away the guards  
From the heavy iron door,  
And we stood beneath the starry banner free.

This was sang with great spirit, and was greeted with much enthusiasm.

*An oration—subject—"Our Heroes"—delivered by Master Horace Fitory, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and a pupil in the Paradise Soldiers' Orphan School.*

Master Fitory spoke as follows:

The heart swells with unwonted emotion when we remember our fathers and brothers, whose constant valor has sustained, on the field, the cause of our country, of civilization and liberty. On the ocean, on the rivers, on the land, on the heights where they thundered down from the clouds of Lookout Mountain the defiance of the skies, they have graven with their swords a record imperishable.

The muse herself demands the lapse of silent years to soften, by the influences of time, her too keen and poignant realization of the scenes of war—the pathos, the heroism, the fierce joy, the grief of battle. But, during the ages to come she will brood over their memory. Into the hearts of her consecrated priests she will breathe the inspirations of lofty and undying beauty, sublimity and truth. By the homely traditions of the fireside, by the headstones in the churchyard, consecrated to those whose forms rest beneath the marble slabs at Gettysburg, or repose far off in rude graves by the Rappahannock, or sleep beneath the sea, embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations of parents and children, the heroic dead will live on in immortal youth. By their names their character, their service, their fate, their glory, they cannot fail. They never fail who die in a great cause.

*The Great Proclamation of Liberty* will lift the ruler who uttered it (applause), our nation and our age, above all vulgar destiny. [Great applause].

The bell which rang out the Declaration of Independence, has found at last a voice articulate, to "proclaim liberty throughout all the land—unto all the inhabitants thereof." [Cheering]. It has been heard across oceans, and has modified the sentiments of cabinets and kings. The people of the Old World heard it, and their hearts stop to catch the last whisper of its echoes, the poor slave heard, and with bounding joy, tempered by the mysteries of religion, he worships and adores. The waiting continent has heard it, and already foresees the fulfilled prophecy, when she will sit "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation [applause]; yea, America shall be as a city set upon a hill, whose light may be seen by all the nations of the world. [Prolonged applause].



The PARADISE SCHOOL sang

THE ANGELS' WELCOME.

My home is in Heaven, my rest is not here,  
Then why should I murmur when trials  
appear?  
Be hushed, my dark spirit, the worst that can  
come,  
But shortens the journey and hastens thee  
home.

Chorus—

Then the angels will come, with  
their music will come,  
With music, sweet music, to wel-  
come me home;  
In the bright gates of crystal the  
shining ones will stand,  
And sing me a welcome to their  
own native land.

It is not for thee to be seeking thy bliss;  
And building thy hopes in a region like this;  
I look for a city which hands have not piled,  
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

Chorus—

Then the angels will come, with  
their music will come,  
With music, sweet music, to wel-  
come me home;  
In the bright gates of crystal the  
shining ones will stand,  
And sing me a welcome to their  
own native land.

The thorn and the thistle around me may  
grow,

I would not recline upon roses below;  
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,  
'Till I find them forever on Jesus' own breast.

Chorus—

Then the angels will come, with  
their music will come,  
With music, sweet music, to wel-  
come me home;  
In the bright gates of crystal the  
'shining ones will stand,  
And sing me a welcome to their  
own native land.

The McALISTERVILLE SCHOOL next supplied

"FRANK'S CREED."

Spoken by Daniel Reeder, son of William  
Reeder, private of the Forty-fifth regi-  
ment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

People tell us, little children  
Should be seen but never heard;  
Now, about this wise old saying,  
I would like to say a word.  
When you ask a child a question,  
Would you like the answer said?  
Or, in silence, is it prettier,  
Just to nod or shake the head?

Or suppose on this occasion,

None could hear one word we say,  
Could you praise us for our singing,  
Or our speaking? tell us, pray.  
Tell me, do you like to see us,  
Prim and mincing all the day?  
Never romping, never laughing,  
Or engaged in hearty play?

Now, I don't believe this saying,

Nor do I believe you do;  
That boys and girls were made for dummies,  
Folks may preach, but 'tis not true.  
I for one, shall not play dummy,  
I expect to be a man;  
Ten years hence, if we are living,  
You will see how ends my plan.

It is proper here to remark that the pro-  
gramme as originally prepared contemplated  
a long evening's entertainment; when, there-  
fore, it was determined to spend but an hour  
or two of the afternoon before the Legisla-  
ture, it became necessary to omit a consider-  
able portion of the exercises prepared for the  
occasion, and hasten to a close.

William Hunter, of London Grove, Chester  
county, Pa., son of William C. Hunter, of  
the One Hundred and Ninetieth regiment,  
Pennsylvania Volunteers, now of the Mount  
Joy Soldiers' Orphan School, delivered the  
following

VALEDICTORY.

HONORABLE SENATORS AND REPRESENT-  
ATIVES:—We feel ourselves deeply indebted to  
you, as well as to our intelligent Governor  
and kind-hearted superintendent, for your  
kindness in permitting us to visit our State  
capital, and for this pleasant interview, which  
will be a green spot in our memories through  
life.

We thank you sincerely for your noble  
generosity in providing us with such comfort-  
able homes, and so favorable opportunities  
for acquiring a thorough education.

We promise to improve our inestimable  
privileges, and to strive to be what you de-  
sire to have us be: *intelligent and good* men  
and women, and thus repay the State for all  
its care, so lavishly bestowed upon us.

In parting with you, for this time, we would  
respectfully invite you to come and visit us at  
our homes, and see how we do there.

We would bid you an affectionate farewell.  
To you, our most faithful and fatherly su-  
perintendent, we would render our most  
dearty thanks for your parental care and in-  
pefatigable labors on our behalf.

We feel that in *you* we have a guardian that  
is deeply interested in our *present* and future  
happiness. We bid you God speed in your



noble work of attending to the wants of the helpless soldiers' orphans.

We expect to meet and to see you often yet before we leave our schools, and shall always greet you with pleasure.

To you, kind principal, in whom we feel that we have made up for the loss of our *own* dear fathers; and to you, affectionate teachers, we cannot properly express our gratitude for what you have done for us. But we shall endeavor to show, by our future conduct, our appreciation of your unwearying efforts on our behalf.

We expect to remain under your kind care and instruction for some time to come, through the beneficence of our worthy Legislature, and are glad that we need not say to you: Farewell!

This was succeeded by the following excellent, well delivered and oft-applauded

#### CLOSING ADDRESS.

*Written by Rev. M. L. Shindel—Spoken by Capt. Francis A. Fry, McAlisterville School.*

Allow me, also, to thank you, gentlemen, for your interest in us. We appreciate your kindness. We feel our humble condition, and frankly confess that upon you depend our future prospects and hopes.

We are before you to-day, a band of orphan children, come expressly to see you, and express our gratitude for the services rendered us. But it is asked, How have you become orphans? What pestilence has swept over the land, and bereft so many children of their kind fathers? What sea of blood has swelled and rolled over our Republic, and left behind its waves so much destitution, orphanage and want? We reply, It was the fiery wave of battle—battle for right, for law and order—battle for life, liberty and truth. The awful carnage and blood of the first and second Bull Run—of Shiloh, Vicksburg—of Gettysburg, the Wilderness and around Richmond, fully attests the fierceness of the contest for these great principles. It was in these conflicts that our fathers fell. It would require more nerve than I possess to give you a picture of our humble homes when the news reached us that our fathers had fallen; and to some of them, no one could tell where they slept. We wept! Our mothers wept! and in our sorrow we were gathered around our fireside and directed, by them, to confidence in God; and were told that perhaps something would yet occur by which our distress would be relieved; that some kind arm would open to embrace us and care for us, and that some means would be supplied for our comfort and support. In our youth and inexperience we were unable to tell from whence this aid

should come. Gloom hung her mantle around our hearts. Not a ray of light peered through the darkness, nor words of cheer greeted our anxious and inquiring minds. Time passes. We now hear men talking of our condition. They said we are erecting monuments to mark the last resting place of those who have fallen in battle, and whose graves have been ascertained; but what shall be done with the children of those who have gone? Are they to be left out upon this sea of life destitute, without home, and comfortless? Shall no means be supplied or effort made to bring them relief? Such were the questions asked and often repeated; but it was not until Governor Curtin, a noble and honored Pennsylvanian, suggested a plan, that a light sprung up, the beams of which have fallen upon *your* hearts and minds, and his wisdom, added to your own, provided the means for the commencement of the institutions, three of which we here represent. Honored and beloved gentlemen, you have not forgotten, we trust, the importance, the benevolence and the sacredness of that movement. And with all the warmth of our young hearts we call upon you to cherish, with us, the memories of our departed fathers, and, calling up all the ardor of our souls, ask you to stand by us. Thanking you again for what you have done, we throw ourselves upon your sympathy.

The exercises on the part of the children were closed by the MCALISTERVILLE SCHOOL, which sang in a manner so touching as to bring tears to many eyes unused to weeping

#### "THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER."

I love to stay where my father sleeps,  
And love to gaze on each star as it twinkling peeps  
Through that bending willow which lonely weeps.

Chorus—

O'er my father's grave,  
O'er my father's grave,  
Through that bending willow  
O'er my father's grave.

I love to kneel on the green turf there,  
Afar from the scenes of my daily care,  
And breathe to my Saviour my evening prayer.

Chorus—

O'er my father's grave,  
O'er my father's grave,  
Through that bending willow  
O'er my father's grave.

I still remember how oft he led,  
And knelt me by him as with God he plead,  
That I might be his when the clod was spread.



Chorus—

O'er my father's grave,  
O'er my father's grave,  
Through that bending willow.  
O'er my father's grave.

#### SPEECH OF GOVERNOR CURTIN.

The Governor being called upon, said :

I have been in the habit of addressing the Legislature for several years past, but only in obedience to the directions of the Constitution. I would add a word to what we have heard. I would say much if I thought it were necessary. But there is more in the mute eloquence and sad silence of those children ; more than I can say. I pledged to the brave men who were encamped here and all over the Commonwealth, when they were about to go into the public service, that if they fell on the field of battle, we would take care of their orphan children. [Cheers.]

A Voice—"We will."

My words were applauded. Orators and journalists pledged themselves to the work. Just before the battle I said it to thousands, and after the battle, when chaplain and priest and good men poured the words of comfort and spiritual consolation into the ears of the dying, I said, your children shall be protected. [Cheers.] I do not desire war. I am opposed to war. I trust our country may never be called upon again to engage in war. We have shed blood enough ; but if war ever should come again, here are the boys to fight our battles. They will say, "My father died for his country, the State pledged itself that his sons and daughters should be maintained at public expense, that pledge was redeemed ; I would be an ingrate to my country and my State if I failed to offer my life at the same shrine with my brave, dead father." [Cheers.]

I knew that a State so great, so grand, so noble as old Pennsylvania would not turn these children out. I know that it will not turn them out now. [Voices—Never, never.] It will not turn them out; the boys to crime and misery, the girls to worse—God forbid it should. One morning, when the people were gathered in their places of worship, in obedience to my call, to give thanks to Almighty God for the victories he had vouchsafed us, three little ragged children appealed to me for alms as I stepped from my doorway. I learned they were children of soldiers who had fallen in defense of the country. What was my train of thought then ? I said to myself, is it possible that the people of Pennsylvania, thanking God for victory, can do so when the children of the brave men who brought us the fruits of hard fighting and

gained us our victories, are on the streets begging for bread. [Applause.]

This beneficence, gentlemen, is the result. Pennsylvania has something whereof to be proud ; she has taken the lead in this matter. Other great States have followed her. Ohio has such a system. Connecticut is about inaugurating it. It was only to-day we forwarded to her Governor, in obedience to her request, the plan embraced in our laws. Other States will soon follow our example. What a thing to be proud of. All over the Commonwealth, after a great war, the greatest the world has ever seen, exhausting our energies and attacking and crippling our finances, I say we have been able to pay our debts and at the same time take care of our soldiers' orphans. We boast of the liberality of our people, we boast of extended charities. I know how beautiful they sound and how noble they really are, but no charity of the age and of the past can compare with this. [Applause.]

Were it not for these soldiers, my friends, this capital would be in ashes, the whole State would be sacked, burned and ruined ; death, and fire, and desolation would have passed over this good old State, and the fair land would have been smitten with it. I am not here to persuade you. These children are not here to affect public opinion ; they are here only that the people may see and judge for themselves. If you are satisfied, then I ask you to continue this beneficent plan. But if you are not satisfied, let these children go.

Voices—"Never, never, never."

I will not say more ; yes, I may as well add something ; you may as well know it now. If this Legislature adjourns without doing these little people justice ; if it neglects its duties, let me say, gentlemen, I have the power to call you back. [Immense cheering.] Before I leave this, I pray God that the electric spark may fall upon all ; that we may all determine to do justice to the poor orphan children, and that we may thus do ourselves and our great Commonwealth an honor. [Cheers.]

#### LETTERS.

The following letters were then read :

LETTER FROM LIEUT. GEN'L GRANT.

HEADQUARTERS  
ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,  
WASHINGTON, March 15, 1866. }

HON JAMES R. KELLEY,  
*Speaker of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives :*

SIR—Lieutenant General Grant directs me to express his thanks for the honor done him by the invitation, by resolution of the



House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, to be present at the meeting of the schools for the orphans of soldiers and sailors, in the hall of the House, at Harrisburg, Friday, March 16th, and his sincere regret that the nature of his public duties is such that he cannot be present on that interesting occasion.

I am, sir, with great respect, your obedient servant,

ADAM BADEAU,  
Brevet Colonel and Military Secretary.

LETTER FROM MAJOR GENERAL JOHN W. GEARY.  
NEW CUMBERLAND, March 16, 1866.

HON. JAMES R. KELLEY,  
*Speaker of the House of Representatives,*  
*Harrisburg:*

MY DEAR SIR—Your letter, enclosing the resolution of the House inviting me to be present at the gathering of the orphan children of the brave men who fell in the service of their country during the war, has been received. An important engagement made before the receipt of your letter, and before I knew of the passage of the resolution, compels me to be absent from home to-day, and prevents my being with you, as I would desire, at a ceremony so honorable to the beneficence of our great Commonwealth, and so convincing of the gratitude she has for the memory of her brave defenders.

Regretting my compulsory absence, I am, very respectfully, &c.,

JOHN W. GEARY.

LETTER FROM GENERAL HANCOCK.

WASHINGTON, March 14.

HON. JAMES R. KELLEY,  
*Speaker of the House of Representatives:*

DEAR SIR—Nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to be present in Harrisburg on Friday, at the meeting of the schools for the orphans of our soldiers and sailors, but I am a member of a board of officers which meets in this city on that day. I shall therefore be unable to attend, but desire to thank the House of Representatives for their courtesy.

W. S. HANCOCK,

Major-General United States Volunteers.

LETTER FROM HIESTER CLYMER.

SENATE CHAMBER,  
HARRISBURG, March 16. }

HON. JAMES R. KELLEY:

In response to an invitation of the House to participate in the ceremonies incident to the visit of orphan children of soldiers, I have to regret my inability to be present, owing to a previous business engagement this afternoon.

I regard the object as a most meritorious one, and have lent it my approval and vote in all its stages of inception and progress.

Very respectfully yours,  
HIESTER CLYMER.

LETTER FROM COMMODORE POOR.

PHILADELPHIA, March 15, 1866.

HON. JAMES R. KELLEY,  
*Speaker of the House of Representatives*  
*of Pennsylvania:*

SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, conveying the invitation by resolution of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, to be present at the very interesting ceremony of the schools for the orphans of soldiers and sailors. I beg leave, through you, to convey to your honorable body the high appreciation I entertain of the compliment thus tendered to me. As an humble representative of our honored Navy, I cannot but feel the liveliest interest in any work which has for its object the protection and education of the children of those gallant sailors who fell nobly defending their country's flag, and aiding to restore the authority and power of their Government.

I have not the honor of being a native Pennsylvania, but feel proud of being a citizen of a State which has so nobly acted her part in suppressing rebellion, and in its munificent charities and praiseworthy benevolence to all whose patriotism brought upon them suffering and distress. Should all follow the example of Pennsylvania, the reproach of Republics, ingratitude, would be removed, and their gratitude become proverbial.

I regret very much that my engagements will not permit me to visit Harrisburg at this time.

I have the honor to be very respectfully,  
C. H. POOR,

Commodore United States Navy.

After the exercises, the children flocked around the Governor, to whom they were introduced, and who manifested a great interest for them. The boys then adjourned to the Park, where they were engaged in drilling and military tactics until supper time. They are organized into companies and are drilled by boy officers selected from their own number. The precision and accuracy of movement they displayed surprised many, and was pronounced superior to those of many volunteer organizations.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1866.

On Saturday morning, March 17th, the pupils of the different schools assembled at the State House for the purpose of visiting the



Governor and heads of Department. About 9 o'clock the procession moved and proceeded to the Executive Chamber. Each school in turn passed in review before the Governor, and its faculty was introduced to him by Hon. Thomas H. Burrowes. After a few moments conversation it passed out and was succeeded by the next school. The visit was a very pleasant one.

Want of time prevented extending the visit to the different departments as contemplated, and the procession marched through Walnut, Second and Market streets to the Court House. This was already filled to overflowing with citizens assembled to witness the concert announced the evening before, given expressly for their benefit.

The exercises were commenced by Master Harry Albert, of the M'ALISTERVILLE SCHOOL, who repeated by request, the

#### OPENING ADDRESS,

Delivered by him the previous evening.  
(See page 6).

#### "OUR DUTIES TO OUR COUNTRY."

*Spoken by Elkanah H. Davis, of Penningtonville, Chester county, Pennsylvania, son of James K. Davis, of the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.*

Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. I a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we, also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered.

Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction and a habitual feeling that these States are our country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act.

Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace and Liberty, upon which the world may gaze, with admiration, forever.

Spoken by a pupil of the Mount Joy school, at the Court House, March 17.

#### DIALOGUE.

Four girls of the MOUNT JOY SCHOOL spoke an amusing dialogue entitled MRS. PARTINGTON'S TEA PARTY.

About the close of this performance Gov. Curtin entered the Hall. This was noticed by the Captain of one of the schools, and he immediately called for "three cheers for Governor Curtin." This was taken up by the Captains of the other schools, and thus nine wild, enthusiastic cheers went up from the representatives of those who had cheered him at the front before they fell in the fierce struggle, or breathed their last in the Hospital.

#### "COME HOME, FATHER."

#### *Sung by the Mount Joy School.*

Father, dear father, come home with me now;

The clock in the steeple strikes one;

You said you were coming right home from the shop

As soon as your day's work was done.

Our fire has gone out; our house is all dark—

And mother's been watching since tea,  
With poor brother Bennie so sick, in her arms,  
And no one to help her but me.

Chorus—

Come home! come home! come home!  
Please father, dear father, come home.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,

The clock in the steeple strikes two;  
The night has grown colder and Bennie is worse—

But he has been calling for you.  
Indeed he is worse, Ma says he will die,  
Perhaps before morning shall dawn!  
And this is the message she sent me to bring—

Come quickly, or he will be gone!

Chorus—

Come home! come home! come home!  
Please father, dear father, come home.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,

The clock in the steeple strikes three;  
The house is so lonely—the hours are so long  
For poor weeping mother and me;  
Yes, we are alone—poor Bennie is dead!  
And gone with angels of light,  
And these were the very last words that he said:

"I want to kiss papa—good night."

Chorus—

Come home! come home! come home!  
Please father, dear father, come home!

Hear the sweet voice of the child,  
Which the night-winds repeat as they roam,



Oh! who could resist this most plaintive of prayers—

Please father, dear father, come home!

Chorus—

Come home! come home! come home!

Please father, dear father, come home!

The following was spoken by John W. Dill, a pupil of the McALISTERVILLE SCHOOL, and a son of Daniel W. Dill, private of company D, One Hundred and Thirtieth regiment Pennsylvania volunteers. Written by Hon. C. R. Coburn, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

#### OUR FATHERS.

HONORABLE FRIENDS:—We appear among you this evening as fatherless ones. Some few of us were orphans before we knew much of a father's care and a father's love. Most of us, however, can well remember the parting grief. We heard the last prayer offered around the family altar by our fathers. We heard the out-bursts of crushing sorrow that could not be spoken. We kissed away the tears as they said, "Good-bye, my dear little ones; may God protect you." We saw the quivering lips and trembling hand as they said farewell to mother, and started off to defend *our country and yours*. We knew not what it all meant, yet we were sorrowful; but we have learned that for us it meant orphanage.

Most of us knew not how, or where, or when our fathers died, only as we were told months after they were dead. Some were killed in the heat of battle. Some, at the word of command, marched up to the cannon's mouth, and were blown to atoms.—Some pined away and died of wounds or sickness in hospitals. Some lingered on the gory field when the battle's shout and the battle's roar had died away, and there breathed out their patriotic souls to the God of battles.

Others, alas! starved to death at Libby, or Belle Island, or Andersonville. Oh, how we did beg of our mothers to let us send to them our dinners and suppers, coarse and humble as they were, when she read to us that they were dying for want of food.

You know not, dear friends, how we wept when the sad news came that "father is dead." Oh, we would not be comforted then. Our mothers knelt by the old family altar and prayed that the God of the fatherless would take care of us. Then, as if in answer to those prayers, came our good Governor as an angel of mercy and provided these schools for us. We can never thank him enough for this kindness.

Send us not back to our desolate homes ig-

norant and dependant as we now are. Our fathers *died for you*. Will you not educate us as a recompense for their lives?

The hymn entitled "America," was sung by the pupils of the Paradise school.

#### "AMERICA."

My country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

My native country! thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathes partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.  
Our fathers' God! to thee,  
Author of Liberty!  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King.

#### "THE AMERICAN FLAG."

Spoken by Mary C. Everman, of the Mount Joy School.

When Freedom, from the mountain height,  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldrick of the skies,  
And striped its pure, celestial white,  
With streakings of the morning light;  
Then, from his mansion in the sun,  
She called her eagle bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,  
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest trummings loud  
And see the lightning lances driven,  
When strive the warriors of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven.  
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given  
To guard the banner of the free,  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,



To ward away the battle stroke,  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high,  
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on.  
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,  
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy sky-born glories burn;  
And as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.  
And when the cannon mouthings loud,  
Heave in bright wreaths the battle shroud,  
And gory sabres rise and fall  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;  
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,  
And cowering foes shall sink beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;  
When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly 'round the bellied sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back  
Before the broadside's reeling rack,  
Each dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to Heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendors fly  
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free! hearts, hope and home  
By angel hands to valor given;  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet!  
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

Horace Fitery of the PARADISE SCHOOL, repeated by request, his oration entitled *Our Heroes*, spoken so well before the Legislature.

"I'M LONELY SINCE MY MOTHER DIED."

*Sung by the Mount Joy School.*

I'm lonely since my mother died;  
Tho' friends and kindred gather near,  
I cannot check the rising sigh,  
Nor stay the silent, heartfelt tear;  
Of earthly friends she was the best,  
My erring youthful steps to guide;  
Oh, do not smile because I weep,  
I'm lonely since my mother died.

Chorus—

I'm lonely since my mother died;  
Tho' friends and kindred gather near,

I cannot check the rising sigh,  
Or stay the silent, heartfelt tear.

You may not deem it brave or strong,  
To let those tears so often flow;  
But those who've lost a mother's love,  
Can tell the pain of my sad woe.  
Could I but call her back again,  
And kneel once more down by her side,  
I'd love her better than before;  
I'm lonely since my mother died.

Chorus—

I'm lonely since my mother died;  
Tho' friends and kindred gather near,  
I cannot check the rising sigh,  
Or stay the silent, heartfelt tear.

Oh, you who have a mother dear,  
Let not a word or act give pain,  
But cherish, love her with your life,  
You ne'er can have her like again.  
Then when she's called from you away,  
Across life's dark and troubled tide,  
In pain with me you need not say,  
I'm lonely since my mother died.

Chorus—

I'm lonely since my mother died;  
Tho' friends and kindred gather near,  
I cannot check the rising sigh,  
Or stay the silent, heartfelt tear.

Essay by Lizzie A. Heffner, daughter of John Heffner, private of company F, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, a pupil of the MCALISTERVILLE SCHOOL.

#### LITTLE THINGS.

There are many little things which we scarcely ever notice or think worth mentioning, yet they are a part of God's creation. When you make anything you must commence by doing a little at a time, and by and by, as you work a little each day, it still becomes larger and larger, until at length it is finished. The books and papers which you read and see every day are composed of little words, and each word is made up of little letters. One little blade of grass springing up here and there, will soon spread a beautiful green carpet over hills and meadows. The grand oceans and seas are formed of little streams of water flowing from mountains, hills and through valleys. And again each little stream is formed of little drops of water. The grand sailing ships and vessels are made of little blocks and boards. When we study geography, we must first learn the names of two or three States, rivers or moun-



tains, and studying a little each day will soon enable us to become well acquainted with the different parts of the world. In studying arithmetic, we begin first with the fundamental rules, and proceed step by step. One little acorn, by growing a little every day, will, in time, become a tall oak tree. So it is with school. One scholar comes in now, and then another; so on, until the orphan schools of Pennsylvania are filled with soldiers' orphans, whose fathers have fallen in defence of their country.

Remember, the smallest thing in the world is a part of God's handiwork, and thus it is that—

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand.  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land.

Song by the M'Alisterville school:

"BELLS OF FREEDOM."

Hear the chiming, how it floats  
Upon the air in tuneful notes;  
Hear the chiming  
And the rhyming  
Of the bells in tuneful notes;  
Hear the echoes all around,  
How quick they catch the joyful sound.  
Oh, the happy day,  
Sing a welcome lay  
For the merry bells' joyful sound.

Chorus—

Oh, the welcome, the welcome day,  
Sing a glad and a merry lay,  
Oh, the welcome, the welcome day,  
Sing a merry, merry lay.

Hear the pealing of the bells,  
The song of freedom, how it swells.  
How the pealing,  
Heavenward stealing,  
Of the glorious freedom bells;  
Every heart with glad rebounds,  
Re-echoes back the glorying sounds.  
Oh, the happy day,  
Sing a welcome lay  
For the merry bells' joyful sound.

Chorus—Oh, the welcome, &c.

The following piece was spoken by William Curran, Smithville, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, and pupil of the Paradise Soldiers' Orphans' School, Pennsylvania. The piece, being of a humorous character, afforded the audience much amusement:

"THE SEWING MACHINE."

"Got one? Don't say so! Which did you get?  
One of the kind to open and shut?

Own it, or hire it? How much did you pay?  
Does it go with a crank, or a treadle? Say,  
I'm a single man, and somewhat green,  
Tell me about your sewing machine."

Listen, my boy, and hear all about it—  
I don't know what I could do without it;  
I've own'd one now for more than a year,  
And like it so well, I call it "my dear;"  
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,  
This wonderful family sewing machine.

It's none of your angular Wheeler things,  
With steel-shod beak and cast-iron wings;  
Its work would bother a hundred of his,  
And worth a thousand! Indeed it is;  
And has a way—you needn't stare—  
Of combing and braiding its own back hair!

Mine is not one of those stupid affairs  
That stands in a corner, with what-nots and  
chairs,

And makes that dismal, headachy noise,  
Which all the comfort of sewing destroys;  
No rigid contrivance of lumber and steel,  
But one with a natural spring in the heel.

Mine is one of the kind to love,  
And wear a shawl and a soft kid glove;  
Has the merriest eyes, and dainty foot,  
And sports the charming gaiter boot,  
And a bonnet with feathers, and ribbons, and  
loops,  
With any indefinite number of hoops.

None of your patent machines for me,  
Unless Dame Nature is the patentee:  
I like the sort that can laugh and talk,  
And take my arm for an evening walk;  
That will do whatsoever the owner may  
choose,  
With the slightest preceptible turn of the  
screws.

One that can dance, and possibly—flirt;  
And make a pudding, as well as a shirt—  
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,  
And play the housewife, lady or witch—  
Ready to give the sagest advice,  
Or do up your collars and things so nice.

What do you think of my machine?  
Ain't it the best that ever was seen?  
'Tisn't a clumsy, mechanical toy,  
But flesh and blood! Hear that, my boy?  
With a turn for gossip, and household affairs,  
*Which include, you know, the sewing of tears.*

Tut, tut—don't talk. I see it all—  
You needn't keep winking so hard at the  
wall;

I know what your fidgety fumlings mean,  
You would like, yourself, a sewing machine!  
Well, get one, then—of the same design—  
There were plenty left when I got mine.



"WE COME AGAIN."

*Sung by the Mount Joy School.*

We come again with songs to greet you,  
To feel the warmth of every heart;  
In happiness we smile to meet you,  
Yet sigh to think so soon we part.

Chorus—

We come, we come, we come with  
songs to greet you,  
We come, we come, we come, we  
come again.

But now again we meet in gladness,  
To wipe the tear from every eye;  
Come, banish from the heart all sadness,  
Nor let a sorrow cause a sigh.

Chorus—

We come, we come, we come with  
songs to greet you,  
We come, we come, we come, we  
come again.

Oh! hearts like these we long shall cherish,  
While singing o'er our native strain,  
Not one remembrance e'er shall perish,  
Till we shall happily meet again.

Chorus—

We come, we come, we come with  
songs to greet you,  
We come, we come, we come, we  
come again.

It was now announced that though much of the programme remained unperformed the exercises of the schools would be suspended in order that an opportunity might be given to hear the remarks of any gentleman present.

#### ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR CURTIN.

This announcement was quickly followed by loud calls from every part of the Hall for Governor Curtin. As he arose to speak he was greeted with rounds of applause.

The Governor reiterated the main portions of his speech of last evening to the Legislature. (See page 16.) He also referred in a forcible and feeling manner to the fact that each orphan present represented a *dead father*. These fathers died in defending this capital and State from destruction and invasion, and preserving the nation from ruin.

He spoke of the last thoughts of the dying soldier and referred, very touchingly, to Sergeant Humiston, found dead upon the field of battle at Gettysburg, with the photograph of his three children firmly grasped in his hand. Though cold in death his glassy eyes were fixed upon the lovely features of his children, showing unmistakably that his last thoughts

were not upon himself or even upon his bosom companion, but *upon his children*.

Gov. CURTIN'S address was frequently interrupted by applause, and when he concluded the Captain of each School called for three cheers, all of which were given with a will.

General ALLEN, member from Warren, was called, and responded as follows:

#### ADDRESS OF GENERAL ALLEN.

FELLOW-CITIZENS—It is not proper, at this time, for me to make any extended remarks and especially to this audience, whose hearts are filled with emotions and united sympathy for this group of orphans now before us; but I would be unjust to the feelings of my own heart, and to the demands of true merit, if I did not say something to this little band of organized, fatherless soldiers, who have, in all their recitations, so *feelingly* acknowledged the benefits extended to them by us as a people, and earnestly besought us as legislators, still to extend the hand of charity and support in accordance with the pledge of that illustrious son of Pennsylvania, who promised the thousands of fathers who now sleep on the many battle fields that if they fell in defence of our common country their children *should be cared for*. The hearts of this great people are full of love and veneration for the many helpless children made orphans by the sea of blood that has just passed from before us. When I remember to have been associated with the fathers of many of this little group on the tented field and on the march to death, and reflect that in all those trying scenes their great anxiety was for the fate of their little children at home, I feel it my duty, while here before me, to speak a word of encouragement to them.

Well do I remember the last words of a friend who said to me just before going into battle, "I know that *I* shall be killed. I have no fears for my wife; *she* can take care of herself; but oh! *that little boy*, what will become of him." The last anxiety of the dying soldier (if a father) was the future welfare of those little children he had left.

Remembering the many utterances of this kind made to me by those who now sleep, and whose sainted spirits are watching over us, and weeping with gratitude for our sympathy for those that they have left, and looking around me upon this circle of orphans pleading for protection and support, I must say it fills me with unbounded emotion.

Never in all my life did I feel such unbounded emotion of sympathy as yesterday and to-day, while reflecting and associating the many reminiscences of the past with this band of helpless fatherless children, in their



earnest and pitiful acknowledgments and supplication for sympathy, affection, and a father's care, and the continuance of their comforts and means of education. As a member of this Legislature, from which, in their songs and recitations, these children have so *earnestly* and so *feelingly* implored sympathy and liberality, I feel that I utter but the sentiments of *all* when I say there is but one feeling, and that is of sympathy, veneration and liberality towards the orphan everywhere. As for me (although I always oppose extravagant appropriations), God knows if ever I am charged with extravagance in voting money out of the treasury it shall be for the benefit of the orphans—*especially those of our fallen heroes*. To them I acknowledge my allegiance, and for their welfare shall be the effort of my life, and when my tomb shall be marked, I ask no better epitaph "than the friend of the soldiers' orphans."

Children, your supplications are not in vain. You will be cherished, loved and cared for. This great State, which you now claim and look to as your father, will not be untrue to the pledges made to him that nurtured you. Be not dismayed; your associations will not be broken; your schools will not be disbanded. With pride we looked upon you while in your soldierly movements upon these capitol grounds yesterday; you played so well the part of that father, who, but a short time since, tramped to the same music, over these same grounds, made sacred by such remembrances. As we looked upon your little band of organized orphan soldiers (as the children of the State) and observed your promptness and pride in the performance of your duties, we felt the satisfaction that if ever treason dared to raise her head again on this fair land of ours, that before us moved the heroes who would wreak their vengeance upon the accursed mother of their orphanage and teach traitors that the rights their fathers died for they will preserve.

Go back to your schools with contentment, feeling assured that you will not be disturbed or sent back to poverty and ruin. Forget dissensions and discontent; do your duties faithfully; perform your tasks well, and Pennsylvania will be proud of her children, and will be proud to gather from this little band of orators and orphans her Governors and her statesmen.

Remember that the last prayer of that dying father was for your welfare; that you would be good children, and that you should grow up to be good men and women. Let not the remembrance of those prayers pass away, but let it urge you on to noble efforts

and more glorious achievements in the path of duty.

Be prompt and faithful, and you will be wise, useful and happy.

And to these teachers let me say, I congratulate you upon such glorious results. The evidence before us proves that you have performed your duty well. Your unequalled success in such a space of time proves the power of your system of instruction. I believe that no better way can be instituted. No higher honor can be yours than to be the benefactors of the orphan. Be faithful to your duties, in return for which you will receive the gratitude of all good people, and the satisfaction of being the acknowledged benefactors of these fatherless children.

This address was very affecting, and produced a depth of feeling almost painful.

#### ADDRESS OF MR. LEE.

The Hon. Edward G. Lee, member from the 17th district of Philadelphia, was called, and responded in a speech replete with eloquence and truth. We regret exceedingly, that no note was taken of this excellent address, and that we have not been able to secure even the outlines of an effort creditable alike to the speaker and those addressed. It was frequently applauded.

No written report can do justice to the addresses of Governor Curtin and Messrs. Allen and Lee. Their language, eloquent in itself, was rendered tenfold more eloquent by the touching events of last evening and this morning. Frequently emotion overcame the speakers themselves, and their choked utterances and streaming eyes betokened the inexpressible feelings which filled their hearts. The presence of three hundred and forty-five fatherless children, the representatives of several thousand more scattered throughout the State, was text enough for any speaker, and their singing and speaking, simple and childlike, but appropriate and touching, caused every heart in the vast audience to overflow with emotion. Not a single dry eye could have been found among the thousand men, women and children crowded together into the court house.

Want of time rendered it necessary to close the exercises, and the following

#### "VALEDICTORY."

*Was Delivered by Alfred D. Marks, a pupil of the Mount Joy School, from Kutztown, Berks county, Pennsylvania, son of Samuel Marks, of the Second Pennsylvania Artillery.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—We did not come here to-day expecting to be able to entertain



or instruct you, but simply to let you see what kind of boys and girls we are.

Through the kindness of our excellent Governor, our worthy Legislature, and our kind and able superintendent, we have the delightful privilege of visiting your young and growing city, the capital of our noble old State, that we have been taught to look upon as our father, and to give a soldiers' orphans' concert.

We did not come here to parade our abilities, nor to display our learning. We are but destitute orphans, whose education had been sadly neglected until we were sent to soldiers' orphan school, through generosity of the Legislature.

All that is necessary for us is to improve our favorable opportunities, and thus become good scholars.

We have a good home, kind teachers and many advantages for being well educated, not only intellectually, but physically, morally and religiously.

We are learning how to farm, to garden and to attend to stock. We receive moral and religious instruction daily from our teachers, and also frequently from the ministers of the gospel of our place.

We wish to grow up to be useful citizens, and honorable members of society, qualified to fill *any* position in life, however exalted.

Our fathers were patriotic men, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country and its holy liberties. We are trying to emulate their virtues; and if ever our country calls for us to risk or lay down our lives in her defence, we shall cheerfully obey.

We feel very thankful to you for your sympathy and encouragement, and shall return to our homes with grateful remembrance of this pleasant interview and interesting occasion, and of the many kind friends we have met here. Friends, we call you, although we have not met before. But from the deep interest you have manifested in our welfare and enjoyment, we can *but* call you *friends*.

Thanking you for your kindness to us, we promise to do better than we have hitherto done, and to merit the respect and esteem of each one here to see and to listen to us this day.

In parting with you we sincerely thank you for your generous hospitality to us, and earnestly request you to come and visit our schools, and see us at our present State furnished homes.

We now have to say to you each and all—*farewell*.

The McALISTERVILLE SCHOOL repeated the beautiful song entitled, "The Orphan's Pray-

er," sang with such powerful effect the previous evening. (See page 15.)

#### THE CITIZENS OF HARRISBURG.

Just before the audience was dismissed, Governor CURTIN arose and said:

It gives me great pleasure to refer to the generous liberality of the citizens of Harrisburg in entertaining so kindly these orphans. During the war the hospitality of this city was so often taxed as brave men from this and other States passed through it on their way to the field of battle, that when it was determined to bring these children to visit the Legislature I did not think of making further calls upon it. Hence as there was no fund from which to draw to defray their expenses, I intended to return them to their schools the same day. But Colonel M'Farland assured me that the citizens of Harrisburg would not only willingly, but gladly take these children and their instructors to their homes and entertain them free of charge during their stay at the State Capital, and pleaded that they be allowed to remain at least one night. He promised to secure homes for all within twenty-four hours. At the end of that time he reported to me that every one he spoke to on the subject was willing to take some, and that he could secure accommodations for one thousand, if necessary. With this assurance I made no further objection; and judging from the anxiety of all to get children when they were distributed in the capitol grounds yesterday, the disappointment of those who failed, and the interest manifested in them since, I have no doubt you would have entertained not only three hundred and forty-five orphan children, but two thousand if need be.

I am requested to convey to you the united thanks of the principals of the three schools represented here, for this liberality to and sympathy for their interesting charges. To this I cheerfully add my own. Your generous conduct towards these orphans is only equaled by that shown to their lamented fathers when marching through your city to the field of duty and death.

The audience was now dismissed and withdrew with apparent reluctance. While passing out, the drum corps of the M'Alisterville school entertained them with martial music.

The orphans returned to their stopping places for dinner, and then reassembling, marched to the depot and took the cars for their respective schools, each carrying some little present from the kind people who entertained them.

No accident or unfavorable event occurred to mar the happiness of any one. The whole affair, from its inception to its final close, was one grand success.



## THE RESULTS.

This visit to the State Capital and Legislature, of these children of the State, produced a very happy effects. It set at rest, forever, the idle stories of neglect, want of food and bad management, raised about these schools by interested and designing persons; for here were clean, healthy, happy, rosy cheeked children to disprove them. Their rapid intellectual progress and unexpected physical development, added to the evident good discipline displayed, convinced many heretofore skeptical, of the excellence and practical success of the plan upon which these schools are established.

And last though not least, it encouraged those having them in charge, drew the attention of the public to their labors, and convinced the interesting little orphans under their care that the public are not unmindful of them or unjust and illiberal towards them.

PRINCIPALS, TEACHERS, &C., OF SOLDIERS' ORPHAN SCHOOLS PARTICIPATING IN THE RECEPTION AT HARRISBURG.

1. McALISTERVILLE SOLDIERS' ORPHAN SCHOOL,

JUNIATA COUNTY, PA.

*Established November 3, 1866.*

GEO. F. MCFARLAND, Principal and Proprietor.

Rev. M. L. SHINDEL, Pastor and Superintendent.

Prof. WM. E. CAVENY, Acting Principal.

" JACOB H. SMITH, First Male Assistant.

Miss MARY E. SMITH, First Female Assistant, and Teacher of Vocal Music.

Miss C. S. COLBY, Second Female Assistant, and Teacher of Object Lessons.

Mrs. ELIZA McWILLIAMS, Matron.

" M. E. MACKEY, Sewing Superintendent.

Mrs. JACOBS, Seamstress.

2. PARADISE SOLDIERS' ORPHAN SCHOOL.

LANCASTER COUNTY, PA.

*Established December 3, 1864.*

Prof. SEYMOUR PRESTON, Principal.

\_\_\_\_\_ First Male Assistant.

3. MOUNT JOY SOLDIERS' ORPHAN SCHOOL.

LANCASTER COUNTY, PA.

*Established December 20, 1864.*

Prof. J. R. CARUTHERS, Principal and Proprietor.

Prof. A. W. SHUMAN, First Male Assistant.

Miss MARY HARTMAN, First Female Assistant, and Teacher of Vocal Music.

Miss FANNIE HESS, Second Female Assistant, and Matron.

Miss ANNIE E. BOWMAN, Instructress of Sewing.



From the Harrisburg TELEGRAPH, Mar. 20, 1866].

THE ORPHANS OF THE BRAVES WHO PERISHED  
IN DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY.

We have already alluded to the presence, in the State Capital, of a portion of the orphans of those Pennsylvania soldiers who perished while battling in defence of the Government. But the subject is worthy of further elaboration. It was no common gathering. A similar spectacle was never beheld in any of the Capitals of the other States of the Union. Indeed, we challenge whether Europe, with all the prudence with which she provides for the humblest of those who go forth to battle for any of her tyrants, ever vouchsafed the same succor, like protection and education for the orphans of dead soldiers. The governments of the Old World content themselves with paying a pension to those who have been wounded and disabled in their service—not to the widow, if the husband has perished in battle. The National and State Governments of the United States do the same. Our pensions are the most liberal paid in the world. No Government, either in the Old or the New World, takes the same care of its disabled soldiers as is now taken of its defenders by the United States. But while the governments of the Old World are liberal in their care of the men who have become disabled in their service, few, if any, of the European powers trouble themselves about the children who have been made fatherless by the ravages of war. The widows and orphans of the slain European soldiers are left to procure their support as best they can, and are only afforded relief by parishes as paupers.

There is no education provided for the orphans of soldiers, except it is such as is afforded in the workhouse. This is the difference, in the case of its defenders, between Europe and America. And, in fact, there is a difference, on the same score, between the States of the Union. Pennsylvania is the first State, not only in the American Union, but in the world, which provided for the liberal education and support of the orphans of soldiers. This provision means something more than a mere training, for a few months, in a public school. It contemplates the support as well as the education of the orphan—his maintenance, moral training, mental culture and complete fitting of the orphan boy and girl for useful, respectable and profitable life-time employment. And so singularly suc-

cessful has this patriotic enterprise become, that application has been made to Governor Curtin, by the Executives of other States, for the plans on which the Soldiers' Orphans' Schools of Pennsylvania are conducted; a fact itself conclusive that the Keystone State is the first to provide liberally and practically for the education of the orphans of her slain heroes.

The appearance of the orphans of Pennsylvania soldiers who perished during the late war, in the capital of the State, was a proud day for those who beheld the spectacle. It was no common sight, and will not soon be forgotten. To see the orphan boys and girls of the men who fell in the front ranks of battle, march, with drums beating and banners flying, into the capitol of the State, there to be received by the Governor and members of the Legislature, constituted a scene worthy of the finest touches of the painter and the noblest numbers of the poet. Nor was this all. To the speeches of welcome, of the Governor and grave legislators, certain of the orphans replied in a style and a spirit which won the admiration of an audience composed of some of the most polished men and women in the State. Indeed, we are bound to put on the record, that the entire proceeding attending this reception was creditable to the State authorities and to the people of Harrisburg. But after all, the most glorious as well as the most commendable fact is that to-day there is not a soldier's orphan in the broad State of Pennsylvania, who, needing a home, is unprovided with that and the amplest means of deriving an education at the expense of the Commonwealth. The States through whose tremendous folly and damnable treason these children were orphanized, never at any time provided for the education of the poor man's children, and never will be able to provide free education for these children of the poor born within their limits. Pennsylvania, before the war, provided a free education for the children of all her citizens—and since victory has attended the efforts of her sons to crush the slaveholders' rebellion, Pennsylvania is the first to provide for the orphan. This is the difference between a free State and slave States—and while we glory in the difference, we are also bound to render proper acknowledgment to the Government whose wise administration tended to the accomplishment of so noble an object.







